

FAIR JAPAN AT THE ST. LOUIS FAIR. EDGAR L. LARKIN

It has been found out that the mind of man can be expanded to any extent by the use of the human senses. The idea has been taught that the civilization dates from the time when Commodore Perry went there from the United States, half a century ago. But the Japanese had high civilization many thousand years ago.

AND THE sentiment in this permanent head are true of the Japanese. Next to Germany the display of Japan here in the Fair is the most extensive and elaborate. Every place is embellished by the world Japan in large letters above their exhibits.

First, we begin with their educational display in the Palace of Education. It ranks with our own and with the nation of Japan. The University of Tokyo is based on the highest advance in learning. The primary and grammar schools equal those in the United States. Manual training, physical culture and technology are advanced to a high degree.

All who behold are surprised at the complete display of medicine and surgery. The Japanese have reached a degree of skill in performing surgical operations that place them in the front rank. In teaching, the human skeleton is often made of paper, and the genuine cannot be distinguished from the paper models without touching. All the organs of the body are also made in paper, so the entire body can be taken apart by the student and "assembled." For when mechanics make all the parts of any machine the act of putting together is called "assembling." And it has been found out that man is a machine; the exact quantity of work and heat derived from given weights of different kinds of food having been determined with an accuracy equal to that of coal under a boiler.

Department of Bacteriology.

The studies in serum therapy have attracted the attention of the world. Dr. S. Kitasato opened the great serum institute for infectious diseases on November 30, 1902. He now ranks with Pasteur. He studied in Germany and on return enlisted the aid of capitalists and then of the government in building the new famous institute. He has a large number of teachers and students.

The military surgeons of Japan are all skilled in serum treatment. The serum method of treating diphtheria, tetanus, and cholera was first investigated in this institution, and the world now acknowledges the fact. Professors Kitasato and

Behring jointly discovered the plan of inoculation for diphtheria, and the first patient was thus inoculated in November, 1891, and from that time until August 31, 1903, 1,526 persons having diphtheria were injected with the serum, out of whom only 43 died; a remarkable diminution.

Tetanus, or lockjaw, an awful disease, is now averted in both man and animals, and of seventy-four patients inoculated and thirty-three per cent. died, where before serums were discovered seventy per cent. expired.

Typhoid fever is exterminated from any infected district. The cause of leprosy has been found, but cultures of the bacillus in living animals so far has not developed a curative serum.

The White Plague.

Regarding tuberculosis the learned bacteriologist Kitasato says: "The remedy and prevention of this disease are one of the principal subjects

which we are most earnestly investigating. It is, however, a source of great mortification that in spite of our efforts in experimenting with the newest tuberculin we have not met with complete success."

The writer put in an entire day studying the immense display of deadly bacteria, and has seen them all, while visiting, not only the Japanese displays, but those of Germany, the United States, and other nations. The hospitals for tuberculosis are shown here from New York, Philadelphia, and all methods of treatment are explained. Drugs are almost unknown. Inoculation so far has failed, so all that the consumptive can do is to live by hygienic rules.

The Japanese and Germans have exact wax models of these diseases. And some found in the palaces of varied industries and liberal arts. One can walk for a mile or two through corridors lined with the intricate, marvelous, and beautiful. The writer was entering a little Japanese temple and saw an immense bouquet of flowers of many kinds, but upon further examination it was seen to be minus a vase or flower pot or support, so it seemed to be suspended in the air. Real-

And this intricate science was just beginning at the time of the Fair in Chicago; but now it is studied throughout the world and by many of the ablest men.

On emerging from the Japanese display of bacteria the writer stepped into the pavilion of Henry Phillips, devoted entirely to tuberculosis, and saw those words in large letters posted over the door:

"It is in the power of man to make all infectious diseases disappear from the earth."—Pasteur.

This coincides with the heading of this note.

Leaving all the horrors of the department of Japanese bacteriology, let us gaze upon more pleasing things.

Arts and Manufactures.

A wilderness of splendid exhibits is found in the palaces of varied industries and liberal arts. One can walk for a mile or two through corridors lined with the intricate, marvelous, and beautiful. The writer was entering a little Japanese temple and saw an immense bouquet of flowers of many kinds, but upon further examination it was seen to be minus a vase or flower pot or support, so it seemed to be suspended in the air. Real-

ly the entire collection of flowers and leaves, with tracery of vines all in exact natural colors, was woven in silk, so thin as to be almost invisible. France, with its gorgeous display of silk weaving, has not equalled this wondrous thing of beauty. Acres of silk cloth are here, bearing on snowy wings myriads of heliotropes, roses, carnations, and chrysanthemums and trailing vines. Hundreds of woven birds seem about to chirp and sing in silk.

Exquisite fables are wrought in feathers. Hundreds of square feet of lace cut out of ivory are on display. The embroideries excel those of France and Italy; cut velvets, satins and delicate textures fill long rows of cases.

The display of cloisonne ware is the largest ever made at a fair. This ware is decorated with exquisite painting on the surface, all burnt into the material. Vases, bottles, water jars, jardinières, and fancy decorations, bear engravings and tracings so fine that a glass is required to bring them out. Silk screens surpass the dreams of the painter's art in woven webs.

To be in fair Japan here is to be within a maze. Half a year would be consumed in seeing the display in detail.

The Japanese are a scientific people. They are intellectual, refined, and their courtesy and politeness are exquisite. Many women of education, refinement, talent, literary and artistic skill are here. The idea has been taught that the civilization dates from the time when Commodore Perry went there from the United States, half a century ago. But the Japanese had high civilization many thousand years ago.

Exhibits are shown of the most delicate handwork in ivory, gold, porcelain and pearl that were in the imperial palaces, more than one thousand years past. The Japanese theatre here has a troupe of actors from the imperial theatre in Tokio, sent by permission of the Mikado. The world does not contain more thoroughly trained performers.

To the writer it seems impossible that human hands are able to do such delicate work as that of making lace of gold and ivory, or of making pearls and gold so fine as to be almost invisible to the unaided eye. However, the Swiss and French make running watches whose diameters are equal to those of rubber heads on pencils. For man is a wonderful being.

St. Louis, 1904.

THANKSGIVING MONTH TO-DAY AND OF OLD. MRS. JOHN A. LOGAN

NOVEMBER is one of the most important months of all the year, as it precedes the winter season, for which purpose it must be made by harvesting and storing away the products of the preceding prolific months.

If one has a home it must be put in order from top to bottom. All the summer appointments must be put away carefully for the next summer. The carpets, rugs and draperies, if one has them, must be gotten out, sunned and brushed and put in their proper places; winter clothes must be taken out of the moth-balls, and placed where they have been laid aside. They must be aired, repaired, cleaned, brushed and put in convenient places for use.

If there must be additions to one's

wardrobe, they should be purchased as soon as possible after the September opening. Get the best of its kind in whatever is purchased. If you have to do without other things, cheap things must be made by harvesting and storing away the products of the preceding prolific months.

Fill the larder with fruits, vegetables, jams, jellies, preserves, pickles and sauces, so that the living expenses will be lessened in the winter, and at the same time you will have variety and abundance for the table till springtime brings a fresh supply of good things. Do not begin on the winter stores until winter comes, as during November there are plenty of things that can be gotten from fields, orchards and gardens, in most climates, until Thanksgiving, by which time everything will have been garnered.

If you have a few dollars and can pos-

sibly find a place to store away fuel, do so, if only a small quantity, it will prove invaluable when snow and ice make it difficult to have it hauled.

Having prepared the stores for the physical comforts of one's household, one should then make his plans for mental diversion and improvement, when the winter's leisure makes it impossible to go abroad. Make a list of books that are to be read. If inclined to literature, begin your manuscript, as there will be plenty of time to write, review and correct what you have written.

It is the season for every one, no matter what his vocation, to arrange to pursue diligently through the inclement weather of December, January, February and March.

The sighing winds that blow through the trees, scattering the leaves every-

where, sound like melancholy dirges over the dying year. The glorious coloring of the foliage begins to change to a rich brown, and all nature seems to be preparing for the bitter blasts of heavy winter.

On the last Thursday of November, however, occurs one of the merriest holidays of all the year—Thanksgiving—when we are supposed to give thanks to Him who has blessed us so abundantly. Thanksgiving has practically a very different meaning from what it had 28 years ago, when Governor Bradford issued the first Thanksgiving proclamation, naming a day for rejoicing and special prayer and praise for the bountiful harvest of the year.

In 1623, after a glorious rain, which saved the crops after a long drought, the devout Governor issued another, and so it became the custom to have a day of Thanksgiving and prayer after harvest.

These Puritans were grateful to God for the many blessings which came to them. They had also a keen relish for festivals and merry-making, hence feasting and good cheer were a part of these happy occasions. The finest specimens of fruits and vegetables that were grown during the year were carefully put away for Thanksgiving; autumn leaves were dried and pressed to be used in decorating the house and the table. The new things for winter wear were donned on this auspicious occasion. Everything was gorgeous in the rich autumnal colors, and if the season was especially favorable and the first snow came on that day, they were all the more delighted.

About the big old-fashioned fireplace, while the fire crackled and burned and filled the room with its ruddy glow, they gathered to talk, laugh and make merry. The apples toasting on the hearth, the corn popping, the nuts being cracked made these Thanksgiving gatherings of families and friends among the gladdest of all the year.

Sometimes music and dancing were added to the pleasures of the evening after the homelike Thanksgiving dinner of turkey, cranberry sauce, pumpkin pie and real pound cake, the making of which is a lost art in these days. "Angels' food" and "devil's cake." Good sweet cider that "exhilarates, but does not intoxicate," tea and coffee that "only mortals know," and "devil's drink," and none had the headache next morning.

The person, who had labored so assiduously to be a saint, which everyone had listened to in the morning, was always provided for. Sometimes the good things that were sent to his family filled their larder to overflowing; again he and his

worthy spouse were invited to dine with some of the members of his congregation, and Thanksgiving was spent in the oddest time.

Now it is a festival day. The reunions are kept up just the same, and the children at school anxiously await its recurrence as the first holiday of the school term they began in September. The great foot-ball game of the year is played, athletic sports are the order of the day. Old and young are full of excitement and impatience in anticipation of the fate of their favorites. It is the day of all days for boarding school and college students, and there are always engagements for every hour of the brief holiday.

Even the sermons are full of masterly presentations of the achievements and victories of the year, with sprinkles of gratitude to the giver of all good gifts.

HOW LOVE BEAUTIFIES THE SOUL. . . . By MAURICE MAETERLINCK

NOTHING in the world can beautify a soul more spontaneously, more naturally than the knowledge that somewhere there exists a pure and noble being whom it can unreservedly love. When the soul has veritably drawn near to such a being, beauty is no longer a lovely, useless thing that one exhibits to the stranger, for it suddenly takes unto itself an imperious existence and its activity becomes so natural as to be henceforth irresistible.

Plinius, after speaking of the beauty that is "inextinguishable," i. e., divine, concludes thus: "As regards ourselves we are beautiful when we belong to ourselves and ugly when we lower ourselves to our inferior nature. Also are we beautiful when we know ourselves, and ugly when we have no such knowledge."

Bear it in mind, however, that here we are on the mountains, where not to know one's self means far more than mere ignorance of what takes place within us; moments of jealousy or love, fear or envy, happiness or unhappiness. Here, not to know one's self means to be unconscious of all the divine that throbs in man.

As we wander from the gods within, so does ugliness envelop us as we discover them, so do we become more beautiful. But it is only by revealing the divine that is in us that we may discover the divine in others. Needs must one god beckon to another, and no signal is so imperceptible but they will every one of them respond.

It cannot be said too often that, be the creature never so small, it will yet suffice for all the waters of heaven to pour into our soul. Every cup is stretched out to the unknown spring, and we are in a region where none think of sight but beauty.

If we could ask of an angel what it is that our souls do in the shadow, I believe the angel would answer, after having looked for many years, perhaps, and seen far more than the things of the soul seems to do in the eyes of men: "They transform into beauty all the little things that are given to them."

We must admit that the human soul is possessed of singular courage. Resignedly does it labor, its whole life long, in the darkness whither most of us relegate it, where it is spoken to by none. There, never complaining, does it do all that in its power lies, striving to tear out of the pebbles we throw to it the nucleus of eternal light that peradventure they contain.

And in the midst of its work it is ever lying in wait for the moment when it may show to a sister who is more tenderly cared for or who chances to be nearer the treasures it has so tollfully amassed.

But thousands of existences there are that no sister visits, thousands of existences whose life has infused such timidity into the soul that it departs without saying a word, without even once having been able to dock itself with the humblest jewels of its humble crown.

And yet, in spite of it all, does it watch over every of its invisible beauty. It warms and loves; it admires, attracts, repels. At every fresh event does it rise to the surface, where it lingers till it be thrust down again, being looked upon as wearisome and insane.

It wanders to and fro like Cassandra at the gates of the Atrides. It is ever giving utterance to words of shadowy truth, but there are none to listen. When we raise our eyes it yearns for a ray of sun or star, that it may weave into a thought or happily an impulse, which shall be conscious and very pure. And if our eyes bring it nothing, still will it know how to turn its pitiful disillusion into something ineffable, that it will conceal even till its death.

When we love, how eagerly does it drink in the light from behind the closed door—keen with expectation, it yet waits not a minute, and the light that steals through the apertures becomes beauty and truth to the soul.

But if the door opens not, it will go back to its prison and its regret will perhaps be a loftier verity that shall never be seen, for we are now in the regions of transformations whereof none may speak, and though nothing born this side of the door can be lost, yet does it never mingle with our life.

I said just now that the soul changed into beauty all the little things we gave to it. It would seem, the more we think of it, that the soul has no other reason for existence, and that all its activity is consumed in amassing, at the depths of us a treasure of indescribable beauty. Might not everything naturally turn into beauty were we not unceasingly interrupting the arduous labor of itself become precious so soon as it has gathered therefrom the beauty of its life.

The acts of injustice whereof you have been guilty, the tears you have wept to know, will not be lost, and by becoming so much radiance and love in your soul?

Have you ever cast your eyes into this kingdom of beautifying flame that is within you? Perhaps a great wrong may have been done you to-day, the act itself being mean and unbecoming, the mode of action of the basest, and ugly-

ness wrapped you round, as your tears fell.

But let some years elapse, then give

one look into your soul and tell me whether, beneath the recollection of that act you see not something that is al-

ready purer than thought; an indescribable, unnamable force that has naught in common with this world, a mysterious,

inextinguishable spring of the other life, whereat you may drink for the rest of your days.

And yet will you have rendered no assistance to the universe, other than that which will have filled your mind and it will be without your knowledge that the act will have been purified in the silence of your being, and will have flown into the precious waters that lie in the great reservoir of truth and beauty, which, unlike the shallow reservoir of true or beautiful thoughts, has an ever unruined surface, and remains for all time out of reach of the breath of life.

We can form no adequate conception of what this silent activity of the souls that surround us really means. Perhaps you have spoken a new word to one of your fellows, by whom it has not been understood. You look upon it as lost, and dismiss it from your mind. But one day, peradventure, the word comes up

again extraordinarily transformed, and revealing the unexpected fruit it has borne in the darkness, then silence once more falls over all. But it matters not—we have learned that nothing can be lost in the soul, and that even to the poorest poet there come moments of splendour.

It is unmistakably borne home to us that even the unhappiest and the most destitute of men have at the depths of their being and in spite of themselves a treasure of beauty that they cannot despoil. They have but to acquire the habit of dipping into this treasure.

Thousands of channels there are through which the beauty of our soul may sail even into our thoughts. Above all, there is the wonderful central channel of love.



A Head from Titian's "Madonna of the Pesaro Family."

It has been often said that of the works of great masters, Titian's stand alone as the ones for which the test of daily companionship is not too severe. One does not tire of Titian's paintings, no matter if they are seen daily and almost hourly.

The intensely personal touch, the deep human sympathy with which the master imbued his work, made all his figures more than mere representations on canvas—they seem to live, breathe, think, and love.

This quality of living beauty is admirably shown in the head reproduced here. The fine, clear eye, the full, rosy cheek, the ripe and perfectly moulded lips, are those of a girl who is more than a dead array of color, light and shade on a canvas a good 300 years old. She lives, and we wish to know her and speak with her.

This young woman was of the noble Pesaro family, and her portrait is in the great painting by Titian, known as "the Madonna of

the Pesaro family," that was ordered by Jacopo Pesaro, titular bishop of Paphos, to commemorate his victory over the Turks, and which still stands on the altar of the church of the Frari in Venice, where it was originally placed.

There are fifteen figures in the picture, which represents three saints—imploping the intercession of the Virgin for the Pesaro family—and this head, among those of the members of the family, who kneel before the Virgin enthroned, is the smallest on the canvas, with the exception of that of the infant Christ and two cherubim.

It is in strong relief, however, against darker figures, and forms one of the most striking studies in the painting, which is among the world's greatest masterpieces.

It will be observed that the drapery ends below the left shoulder, where it is cut off in the original by the dark robe of a kneeling bishop in the foreground.

THE GOOD WIFE, AND THE TOO GOOD WIFE.

By ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

EVERY now and then a world-weary and folly-weary man marries an innocent, unworried and "good woman."

He wants the sweet home life he has not found in the paths of Pleasure nor in the by-ways of License. He wants the unmercenary Devotion of a loving woman, and he wants to walk forth in the broad light of day, unashamed with his wife by his side.

It is the inevitable goal of every worth-while man.

The world approves of such marriages, and the woman feels that she is fulfilling woman's highest mission in reclaiming a lost sheep.

But how few such women know the wee middle course to walk with such a man.

It is all very well to listen and believe when he tells you he is happier than he has ever been in his life before, and that his home is dearer to him than any club on earth.

But it is far from very well if you sit upon his neck and weep the first time he intimates that he would like to drop in at the club and talk with the old chums for an hour.

This is the poorest method you could adopt to convince him of the greater joys of home.

There is a certain fascination in club life to most men. There is danger in this fascination to some men. When a man sickens of it and wants a home it is because he has had nothing but the club, and because there is a worthy element in his nature which calls for something better.

The fact that he should want to visit the old scene now and then is not an indication that he is sick of home, but that he is wanting from the fold again. If the pasture is sweet and the shepherdless kind and wise, the sheep will not wander far.

If you have married a man who has been overfond of the fair sex, and if he is kind and true and loving, do not be forever upon the alert lest he stray from you.

Constant surveillance never yet kept a man true. It has made many a man unfaithful.

Although your husband may have told you over and over that you are tenfold more pleasing to him than any woman he ever knew before he met you, that does not signify that he might not like to dance with some other girl a coiffon.

It does not signify that he would not enjoy talking with others whom he regards less highly than you. In the association with the woman he does not love a man often most appreciates the woman he does love.

Should he take a snub by some other woman and converse with her in your presence, do not act sulky, distrust or injured.

That only makes you ridiculous and unlovable.

Although your innocence and unworriedness won your husband from the paths of folly, those qualities will not keep him at your side unless you mingle common sense and tact with them.

It is easy for many women to be brilliant and to be made for others to be good. But it seems the most difficult thing in the world for a woman to be sensible.

Genius and virtue are everywhere, but we must search for common sense. Woman is called a composite creature, but man is tenfold more composite. When a man has had the whole world experience to everything in his make-up, except his love of virtue, he is not to be made abidingly happy with nothing but that quality satisfied.

He cannot suddenly and permanently change his whole mental structure.

Be satisfied that your husband gives up the liberties and vices which the world

allows a bachelor, but do not ask him to relinquish the courtesies and recreations which are every man's privilege.

Drive Suspicion from your door, and install confidence in its place. Cultivate self-esteem and self-confidence, and think, act, talk and live so sweetly and lovingly that rivalry is impossible.

Make the new life a holiday, not a term of imprisonment. A very good woman who has human weakness in her nature is some times the devil's tool to drive men to drink.

Absolute loyalty, absolute morality, absolute honor and cleanliness of life, every woman has the right to ask of her husband. The best of his devotion and the larger portion of his leisure should be given her voluntarily. But to make him a willing captive should be woman's art, not to make him a life prisoner, and the home a reformatory, and the wife a suspicious warder, always imagining that the prisoner is planning escape.

The good wife must possess other qualities besides goodness to make her marriage with a mere man successful. Common sense and tact must be two strands of the rope to make it strong enough to act as an anchor for the domestic ship. The too good wife relies wholly upon one strand, and the ship breaks anchor.

Forbidden Topics in Peking.

The Hong Kong Press says the tea shops in Peking all have notices posted up that the frequenters are to avoid the discussion of political questions, including the matter of coolies sent to South Africa.

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